

Dillinger Four, Twenty-One Said Three Times Qu

Past ten and I start to lose my sight
Six hours gone, two-fisting
Try to talk but nothing comes out right
Try to make it work tommorow
Yesterday we were barely in command
Full of dumb ideas, like children
I blinked and the world had dropped my hand
Don't let it show, but I'm stumbling

Now I've lost track of the things that I once knew
I know what I want, but I don't got the tools
Carry the weight upon my back
I'm killing time until the heart attack

Now that you're twenty-one
You've got a lot to do
Look back on better times
Fuck all 'till twenty-two
Now that you're twenty-one

I've got no will to move ahead
Don't understand just how we got here
My memories dangles by a thread
Try to bring 'em back but it's fading

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